the ways of mariners. "The Cruise of the

Cachalot" lacks the spontaneous, open-air feel-

ing found in Herman Merivale's and R. H. Dana's books; it leaves no such taste of the

seawater as does "Captains Courageous," but

it is certainly a capital story of adventure on

The Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., of

Cleveland, O., a clergyman who has attained a

certain form of notoriety by his methods in the pulpit, has thought fit to put together in

"Aneedotes and Morals, a Volume of Illustra-tions from Common Life," published by Funk

& Wagnalls, a number of newspaper Items to

which he has attached more or less pertinent

moral reflections. Short excerpts will show

A strong young man who was an expert wheel

man, and feit that he was safe anywhere, lost con-

troi of his wheel on the pier at Hoboken, and, being unable to stop, rode off the end of the pier into the river. It is supposed that his feet became entangled

in the wheel: at all events, he sank and did not rise

that thinketh he standeth take heed lest be fall."

No man is safe who depends solely on his own strength or wisdom to lead a good life. History and

observation combine to teach us that the strongest

men and women are liable to lose their self-control

and full into sin unless they are nerved and sus

tained by divine fellowship.

Mr. Hall Caine's book, "The Christian," which

written three times. This is simply another suggetion that great successes are the result of hard, painstaking work. Mushrooms will grow in a night,

but they are only mushrooms after they are grown

Book hunters and collectors will find much to

nterest them in "Book Auctions in England

n the Seventeenth Century," by John Lawler

A. C. Armstrong & Son). Though the Elzevirs

1904, the first book auction in England was

held by William Cooper in October, 1076. The

sale was from a printed catalogue and the rules

or bidding devised by Cooper were substan-

tally those governing modern sales. Mr. Law-

for tells about the auctioneers, the catalogues

and the prices obtained for books to the end of

A problem that may occasionally arise in real

life is the theme of "The Open Question; a Tale of Two Temperaments." by Elizabeth

Robins (C. E. Raimond). (Harpers.) It is, as

we understand it, the following: Given, an in-

eradicable hereditary taint in a man and s

woman, which must certainly be transmitted

o their children, and, given, that the two

really love each other, should they keep apart

or may they marry, on condition of putting

an end to their existence before they

harm society by bringing into the world

another generation afflicted with their mal-

ady? The problem is no new one even in

fiction. Miss Robins, however, demonstrates

her point with mathematical accuracy, and,

having arrived at the two possible solutions,

bravely selects one and carries it to the end with logical inflexibility. The mechanical con-

struction of the story leaves nothing to be de-

sired; it moves slowly, logically, apparently in-

vitably to the end appointed by the author.

The methods of the modern realists, save for

the substitution of scientific terms for those of

fancy, are strangely like the means employed

by classical tragedy or the despised romanti-

cists to evoke the idea of fate. It is, perhaps,

unavoidable, under the circumstances, that

being created merely to prove an abstract prop-

sition, should lack life and move like puppets

at the author's will, the heroine alone being

ife. It takes two hundred closely printed pages

o bring the hero and heroine into contact for

the first time; wearlsome pages filled with a

detailed family history and with trivial matters

that cannot be called irrelevant, as they all

point toward the end in view, but which could

have been made much more tellinglif judicious-

ly pruned down. The inductive method, when

be used with effect in short compositions; in a long novel it is out of place and tiresome.

There is an effort, too, at "local color" that

fails through the author's lack of familiarity

with the places and things she strives to de-

scribe. Her New Englanders are gross con-

ventional caricatures that might pass mus-

ing partly to the accident that the specific

disease selected by the author is consumption.

son's fads. The author, of course accents

the theory that consumption is hereditary, still

hald by many physicians against the most-

ern return to the old view that the disease is

nfectious. The book may be taken up in this

country also, in which case country sewing

ircles will busy themselves with physiological

discussions instead of the semi-theological talk

generated by books like Mrs. Humpbry Ward's.

Miss Robins's conversations are generally

bright, her characters occasionally talk like

lying people, and whoever can wade through

the long introduction will find her presenta-

ion of her problem interesting and will forgive

some immaterial digressions for the courage

'Wedlock." John Strange Winter. (R. F.

"The Two Standards." William Barry. (The

Century Company.)
"Campaigning in Cuba." George Kennan.

The Century Company.)
"For the Honor of a Child." Beulah Downey

"Windyhaugh." Graham Travers (Margaret G. Todd, M. D.). (Appletons.)

'Harmonics of Evolution." Florence Hunt

"Essays on the Higher Education." George Frumbull Ladd. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Inion." Frank Greene Bates, Ph. D. (Mac-

HOWARD CONSTABLE'S GUESTS.

An Entertainment in His Studio in Honor

of Soldier and Sallor Friends.

Howard Constable of 22 East Sixteenth street

ave a studio entertainment last night in honor

Spanish-American war. Among the 250 guests

were a number of professionals who carried

out individual schemes of their own for the en-tertainment of all. There was no set pro-

City Club Protests Senate Bill 159.

The City Club has issued a protest against

ienate bill No. 150, introduced by Senator La

Roche of Kings county. The language of the bill is such, the City Club declares, that under it several important city commissions would be abolished, including the Rapid

Table Board of a Superior Quality,

with pleasant surroundings and good service, may be found after consulting Tag Sus's "Select Board" column - Ade.

AN ORIGINAL

STUART'S WASHINGTON.

nillans, published for Columbia University.)

Rhode Island and the Formation of the

lanks. (Continental Publishing Company.)

hat marks the end of the book.

We have also received:

y. (Chicago, F. Huntley.)

Penno & Co.)

employed by a writer of Macterlinck's talent.can

all the characters in "The Open Question,

the century.

old books at auction in Holland as early as

One is reminded of the Scripture, "Let him

the character of the volume:

self to work: His first step measured earth, His second spanned the skies,

Three paces thou has granted. Twice have I set my footstep," Vishnu cries. "Where shall the third be planted?"

A difficult question. Miss Craft's book may

Vishnu, recorded by Mr. Southey in the poem entitled "The Curse of Kehama." The god in

question appeared in the semblance of a dwarf

before the usurping lord of the earth and ob-

tained from him the promise of as much land

as he could cover in three paces. He put him-

be read with interest and profit by anybody It is exceedingly well done.

We find a story of great vivacity in A. C. Cunter's "Jack Curzon" (Home Publishing Company). This is a story founded upon the recent vigorous doings at Manila and in the Philippines. Mr. Gunter's novels have froquently been distinguished by their historical grasp. He has fought battles for us on the bline in the age of arquebuses and culverins has illustrated in his own vivid and easy manner the horrors of the galleys and the chain gang and has described the difficulties attending the introduction of the fork at English dinner tables. Touched undoubtedly by the influence of Victor Hugo, to whom all history and all human manifestations were intensely ateresting, he still has a manner that is his own, and that will prevent him and Hugo from being confounded. Hugo has boldness, but never made the daughter of the Duke of Aiva call her father "Old Goosey," He was probably afraid that the redoubtable and wicked Duke would chop his daughter's head off it she ventured to do anything of the kind. Mr. Gunter brings his characters through all right, notwithstanding their numerous and enturesome familiarities. He does not hesitate to put into the mouth of any character precisely such language as he pleases. They all speak with the courageous freedom of imagination of Mr. Gunter. The Duke of Alva. is we remember, when his daughter calls him Old Goosey," retorts upon her with the condescending and amiable characterization Miss Slyboots," and tells her to go out and bil her hoop and not bother her old father. Things like this give a human color to the lefty and strange characters of history; thanks Mr. Gunter we get nearer to them and bring bem within range of our timld understanding. In this story Mr. Gunter puts us on terms of amiliarity with Admiral Dewey, just as he has

ddresses a youth newly from Annapolis: "Humph!" remarks the Commodore, "You're in a hurry to get on shore, young man!" 'Yes, sir," replies Marston. Heavens, how eager his voice is! "I've got a sweetheart waiting for me

heretofore favored us in regard to the Duke

of Alva and a number of the French kings.

Of course, the Admiral was only a Commodore

when he sank the Spanish float at Mantin. He

so has every good-looking fellow in this fleet, I guess!" chuckies Dewey, and two or three officers

in that town."

canding near stide a laugh.

It was discipline to stiffe the laugh, and it could have made no difference to the Commofore, who must have known that it would have been forthcoming if it had not been for the tules of the service. Mr. Stephen Crane has cone to greater lengths than this in conductng conversations between his Generals on the field of battle, but we doubt if he has always mite the genius of intuition in these matters hat Mr. Gunter has invariably. A Commodore of the American Navy, standing on his quarer deck and still flushed with a considerable victory, talks no doubt exactly like Mr. Guner. Otherwise, how could be ever properly become an Admiral? Here is a little something more about this distinguished com-mander. Two young officers of the fleet are about to be married. One of them believes, with bitterness, that his sweetheart is a widow, but this is not really the case:

But sensation comes to us when the padre asks, Do you. Maud Vaabel Ludenbaum, take this man?" for the bride, holding up a gleaming arm, cries, "Stop," and a quiver runs through the assemblage at this astounding interruption.

There was a man, contemptible in every respeet, once a cabin boy on her father's ship, who pretended to be her husband. He richly deserved death, and she had properly caused

him to be assassinated. The girl goes on in ringing voice: "I, Maud Gortake this man! Let it be said in that way, for I herer was well to other man and have no right to name of other man! So, as girl unwed, I. Maud Yeahel Gordon, take this man for my dear husband?" No wonder that Mr. Gunter goes on with something of enthusiasm. He expresses in

the way which is peculiarly his the emotions following upon this announcement: Gad, how Phil's eyes blace with love and reverface as he listaus to his bride! His answers come whath shid strong us a rapid fire gun, and at the floor, when his ring is on her fair finger, I hear him

whisper as he places husband's kins upon her lips; "God bless you for squaring me with the boys! They thought I was marrying a -a real widow." Mr. Gunter introduces the Admiral just as Young Ensign finishes the whispering of

this tender and delicate address. In how few strokes of the masterly pen, hold and easy, ye entirely thoughtful, is the following bit of musical characterization accomplished:

At this Mand gets as red nettre. She turns hastily e great the representative of the governing power the lasted States, the great Admiral, who is step-

bing up to congratulate the happy couple. there the mischievous davil, Capt. Sam Eusta well the 1 and Sepraska, ories from behind, "flob

hat's the matter with Dewey?" laughs rollick-

tag S. Il Goring of the Colorado troops. at captains are always gallant to the ladies, and as the bride with enchanting gesture and ravishing bush responds to the suggestion, she gets such a

whole-souled sailor's salute that Paymaster Milbank says it means at least two months' leave for the groom. Though I think, with new husband's jostousy, that sweet little Mazie, whose arch beautie make her popular as a sylph, gets the great man'

This last means that the Englishman, Jock urzon, who purports to tell the story, is inclined to bestow the highest praise upon the girl of his own bosom. She is shown to be worthy and, no doubt, deserves. A villain en-ters. It is not too bad for him that he is ancounced ungrammatically. An Irish Sergeant takes him in hand-an efficacious hand:

"Ludenbaum!" gasps the bride. "Madreds Dies. No; otherwise I would have knifed him first and told you afterward. El Corregidor, whom you said At this Mazie, standing by, turns pale and clutches

'Impossible'" mutters Maud. "Chaco reported Don Rafael dead."

"Pha! Trust my nose before all reports. Here he And, sure enough, Don Bafael is about to come mineing in. But he never gets further than the bal-cony. Khy, with Chinese tact, has tipped Molony

and the Sergeant is saying: "Ave yese a card?"
"No, Señor. I only arrived in town by boat from Pampangas half an hour ago. This is the entertain ment of my friend Herr Adolph Ludenbaum," plies the Corregidor. "Admit me at once!" glancing at Marie, and noting the orange flowers in her hair, and me standing beside her, his face grows sickly. But the Sergeant, being a brisk man, says sharply: "Mistook! Your crony, Ludenbaum, kilt and planted!"

This is the house of Phil. Marston of the United States Navy, who's jist got hitched to Dona Ludenbann. Begob, there's her sister, who's jist got spliced to Jack Curzon!"

"Carramta, it's impossible! Carraje! Diable: 'ou are lying to me!" "Howly Moses, a Grazer calls me a har!" Biff:

Take him away! I bear sounds of combat in the distance, mingled rith some yells from horse-boys and coachmen it attendance in the garden below; and an officer ask ing Molony about the matter he promptly reports. "One of Aguinaldo's devils putting on airs! But I

smashed the Dago into next week and threw on what was left of him." This stirring episode, involving a notable knowledge of languages and dialect, as well as the circumvention of a great peril-thanks to the powerful activity of Sergt. Molony-is followed immediately by a passage which mercifully soothes the nerves and affords light

witticisms as it ends the chapter: About this time Major Wharton of the regularand Burton of the Raleigh, heading the rest of the boys, are leading the girls out for a good, old-fashloned Virginia reel, which they teach to laughting Filipino belies, whose twinkling feet flash in and out from under the gauzes of their piña skirts as

they trip upon the polished floors.

Taking advantage of the hurrab, Phil gives me a pinch. Together we take our brides and speak down the stairs, for we have secured two pretty little villas out in Ermita-where the sea breezes blow amid the palms and bamboos-for honeymotirement.

Two carriages await us, a little apart from the brong of vehicles.

As Phil holds the door open and Maud gathers the aces of her wedding robe about her fairy ankles to step into one, and I am assisting Mazie into the other, Sengt. Molony, gazing on us, says to his squad, who are still ready with champagne bottles: 'Drink the brides' health agin lads. Tare an' ages I've a conundrum for yase. Why are thase beauteous brides lotte thase same blessed Dewey Islands?" "Because they'll be almighty ticklish critters to

handle," grins his Yankee Corporal.

At this Manie gives a little giggle.
"Out upon ye for a non-expansive Harvard Professor. Divil take re, yer making the bride blush. Ther raison these darlints are looke thase sam blessed Dowey Islands is, bedad, because the Gurmans wanted 'em and couldn't get 'em.' Drink!"

Catching this precious oration, the great man of the war, who is just stepping into his carriage, bursts

But what care I for politics, conquest and glory-I who have love before me! I step into my carriage, where a little fluttering beauty gathers in her gauzes o make room for Seffor Jack Curzon.

Mr. Gunter, yielding to his inclinations as a cholar, concludes his novel with an appendix which has chapters on the wonderful power of scent in some of the Tagal tribes, on the Society of United Filipinos, on the Supreme Court of Manila, and on several other matters, It is hard not to quote at length from him, he is such a master of phrases. "He sees a godtess, dominating, commanding, a widow looking immaculate as a vestal and virgin as an Amazon, who waves to him an arm beautiful as Aphrodite's as it glistens snows rom out the black gauzes that drape the figure of a Hebe with Diana's eyes." This last indicates that the Hebe of the picture had the eyes of Diana; not that her figure was draped in the shocking way which the phrase might suggest to the thoughtess. The quantity of gauge in the story is entirely appropriate to such a latitude as that of Manila. " For he would throw an arm about her fairy waist and take her to his dustard heart." This is a strong phrase, and we have no doubt that Mr. Rudyard Kipling will jump when he sees it. It is a curious and even a startling picture which Mr. Gunter affords of the paculiar powers of a native girl of the Philippines, Zima is the servant of Maud and Mazie Gordon at the time when these two lovely daughers of a seafaring Yankee adventurer are held captive in the mountains back of Manila. The brutal jailer, Dolgo, attempts to beat Zima. "But Maud bursts into a jeering laugh, for Zima, escaping from Dolgo's arm, us flown upon the balcony and swung herself far out. Her Negrita toes, expert as a nonkey's tail, have clutched a liano dangling from the launan tree. Quick as a flash, even

as the pursuing Concha flies at her, the imp. swinging herself out into space, climbs up by her agile toes to the safety of a high branch, and still hanging head downward, makes faces like an ape, grimaeing at punishment below." The captive girls are unable for the life of them o help being amused. Some irrepressible spirit of Cape Cod humor takes utter posses-sion of them. "Just here, catching Mazie's, or the black girl is performing like a ringtailed monkey upon the tree, Dolgo turns eyes upon her captives and orles savagely: that bamboo ladder quick, prisoners! I'll have no disobedience. You shall be locked up very ightly for a day or two, my pets."" Mazie puts her little nose saucily nto the air, and Schorita Maud sweeps, a picture of languid but haughty grace, into her room, yet ciutches her hands deflantly as she sears bolts drawn and key turned upon her." Of course the Negrita girl is safe. Her toes are per sufficient protectors. They afford to her a perfect refuge. No duenna, lacking a shotgun. an do anything with a girl provided with pranensile toes. And Maud, who has been educated at Vassar. says to herself quite confilently: "Phil will be here. I shall see his gallant face again. Phil will save. Philipo, Dios de mi alma! My-my sailor boy!" The reader feels assured that everything will be well with these girls, they are so beautiful, so innocent and so strong. That galant Spanish Captain of medieval and knightly

character. Pon Roberto Chaco, is violently n love with Maud. In his military capacity it happens that he has the two Gordon sisters in hand. "When you are no more a prisoner," he says to Maud, clapping vigorously an imaginary culruss. "send for me and I will wed you." What did the belated dreamer think? "Oh. Dios!" gasps the girl. "You understand me." says Chaco. "I mean an honest love for you. I'll give you a better name than that of Gorion, who, the Alcalde tells me, has been a rebel to my dear Spain! So long as you are my prisoner I dare see you no more, mi querida, mi alma, nena de mis ojos! But, mi Belita, after you are free send for Don Roberto Chaco. and he'll make you his cara esposa, Cruz de Crista!" No wonder this up-sots the captive girl, newly from Yassar. where things are different. "This outburst of flaming passion." Mr. Gunter says. "has come sudden and strong as an earthquake. The girl feels upon her hand lips that burn, and her

slight waist gets one savage squeeze that al-

most makes her cry from pain as Don Roberto

Gordon, her fair limbs trembling, meditates that perchance she has dropped from the fer-ing pan into the fire." All comes out right, as we have seen, but there are many moments of real doubt and terror. It is hard to say whether Mr. Gunter is a realist, a humorist, or an exponent of the romantic school. Perhaps it is not necessary to determine what he is. His book has red covers with glit inscriptions. It Having withdrawn for a time from the tur-noil of political life, Mr. Thomas E. Watson of

Thomson, Ga., is devoting himself to literary pursuits, the first fruits of which appear in The Story of France from the Earliest Time o the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte. (Macmillans.) The first large volume, now b fore us, ends with the death of Louis XV., so that it is fair to infer that the whole of a second olume announced will be given up to the revolution of 1789. In preparing for his task Mr. Watson has consulted "the standard histories" and also "numerous memoirs and autobiographies." "It is hardly necessary to say," he tells us, "that every statement in the book is supported by authority." This does away at once with any need of citing authorities for individual statements which might have given the book an air of pedantic learning, a fault that the nuthor very successfully avoids. such events as he chooses to relate will be found, as a rule, in "the standard histories," for Mr. Watson does not stray from the beaten path in search of facts: the many appreciations of men and institutions, however, the mode of exposition and language, often eloquent and sometimes bantering, are Mr. Watson's own. Here is his description of a Merovingian banquet:

For drink there was wine, and spirits, and been for food there were hogs, cows, calves, and deer roasted whole—to say nothing of that glory of mediaval cookery, the huge pie, which had for crust an immense ox, and the ingredients of which were forkeys, chickens, ducks, doves, pigs, and any othe little delicacy of which the cook could think at the

Great was the enjoyment of the Franks at these grand banquets. They ate, they drank, they talked they laughed, they sang, they quarrelled, they ought-they did everything which barbarians could possibly do to give themselves a good time.

The interview between Louis XIV, and Jean

Fancy this sturdy, square-built, black-eyed sailor elad plainly, his face darkened by exposure and scamed with the scars of battle—fancy this man moving among the curled courtiers of Versailles! How the spoilt pages at the doors must have sneered at Jean Bart's heavy tread, his coarse hands, the urch of his sailor's stride! How my Lord of Frogwallow and the Duke of Battercakes must hav winked to the Marquis of Poodle-Doodle as they noted the appalling fact that Jean Bart did not wear the proper thing in laces, nor the latest elegance in wirs, nor the choicest tints in ribbons!

Jean Bart kneels at the feet of Louis XIV. and kisses the royal hand. Let us hope that the brave sailor felt no reverence for this sham and humbug royalty.

The sources of information at Mr. Watson's ommand enable him to cast unexpected light on some dark spots. The cleanly habits of feudal life will be a revelation to many scholars.

In all these castles the lavatory was as much matter of course as the hall and the gateway. The washing room was always there, with jets of water emptying into bowls, and towels to wipe with, also. People ate with their fingers, like the Turks: hence each man had a keen interest in the hands of his neighbours, and was bound to see that he came to the table clean. Ther, again, the clear-water most made bathing convenient. Marble bathiubs were un-known, it is true, but in the basement of the castle were stone troughs and wooden tubs, filled from the most, and the inmates of the castle had almost a passion for the bath.

We find the rudest of the Kings of feudal France delighting in the water. Clotaire I. was often to be seen stark naked, swimming and frolicking in the river, surrounded by his naked companions in arms, his leudes.

Intuitive shrewdness it is that leads Mr Watson to the detection of historical shams. He sees through the treason of the Constable of Bourbon:

Why then is Bourbon's treason so odious? Compared to his provocation, those of Louis XII. and Conde were puerile. Bourbon was the traitor who, in after years, as we shall presently see, took charge of a band of German Lutherans, which swooped down upon Italy, made havor of the Pope's wealth. stormed the holy city of Rome, took it and sacked it, rioted in it for nine months, and made the Holy Father a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo.

ness of the treason of Bourbon to the orthodox historians who have charge of the history of France. It will be seen from the quotations that the chief value of the book lies in the testimony it

affords as to the workings of Mr. Watson's mind for such persons as are interested in that study. It is surprising that it should bear the imprint of a house whose name has been hith erto a guarantee of scholarship in the books it published.

Mr. Henry Copley Greene, who has written Plains and Uplands of Old France, a Book of Verse and Prose" (Small, Maynard & Co.), seems to be an impressionist as well as a bievelist. In the course of a tour on his wheel through parts of central and southern France he met with strange adventures that gave him food for reflection. At Chablis, where the white wines grow, this befell him:

As I watched in a digestive calm, a cat eyed me from the opposite shadows. Suddenly she suffered, for she had seen what I now saw,—an ancient bound oming nearer and nearer. The cat grouched trem-The hound, looking neither to the right no to the left, passed by intent on duty. Kitty sighed with relief. But the regular flon flop of the hound's paws had hardly faded into the distance when a woolly small pup came prancing along the paye ment, clickety click, most gaily. 'Sdeath! The cat.
flattening herself against the wall, slid gracefully to place of vaniage. The wool-dog pattered past. orner of his eye he spied her. She sped; he followed. She disappeared down a cellar window, like a cork swallowed by a whirlpool. Just in time the wool-dog stopped, bracing himself back on his forelegs. So for a moment he stared wofully into the depths, then glanced up and down the road. No one in sight. "My discomfiture has not been seen," thought the wool-dog, tossing his head in the air And proudly he pranced along the bound's path kicking out his loss before him and hitting the pave ment with his nails, elickity click click, dogs, after all, like French men, care only for effect At last the reality is known," I cynically told myself and triumphed over the woolly pup.

Mr. Greene's narrative is interrupted at con venient intervals by fits of verse.

Little that concerns whales or whale fishing is left untold in "The Cruise of the Cachalot; Round the World After Sperm Whales," by Frank T. Bullen, First Mate (Appletons). The story is in the form of a narrative of personal experiences on a three-year cruise in a New Bedford whaler twenty years ago, in the course of which the author, a hand before the mast, is supposed to sail around the world and visit the chief whaling grounds of the southern seas Every detail of the occupation is described carefully, much information is given about the habits and natural history of various kinds of whales and other fishes, and few pos sible incidents in chasing and killing whales are left out. The book is crammed with adventures, and will be interesting to the older boys as well as those it is written for. The account of a moonlight fight on the surface of the sea between a whale and a giant squid of its own size can be compared only to Mr. Kipling's sea serpent story. Mr. Kipling. by the way, speaks highly of Mr. Bullen's work 'I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale fishing and at the same time given such real and new sea pie. Notwithstanding this praise, possibly because the author has supplemented his own experiences by book knowledge, the story gives the distinct impression of being a painstaking piece of literary work and not a genuine seaman's tale of the sea, an impression height-ened by what seem to be sips due to inexperience. Such, for instance, are the curious dialect used by some of the characters, which Chaco, striding from her, reaches the gate of the garden. Here he raises his hat and says: the iden that the Portuguese sallors from the fact have a fine portrait by Gilbert Stnart, now rarely met with. This one is pure and unfouched, the iden that the Portuguese sallors from the fact having been clearly met with. This one is pure and unfouched, never having been clearly asking been

lands "Cape Navesink," a mistake not likely to Mew Bublications. be made by any scafaring man who has entered New York harbor. Occasional little **EMILE ZOLA** moral digressions, too, seem those rather of a shore philanthropist than of one familiar with



This week's issue (out to-day) of

The New Voice

is said to have brought its author the largest pecun-lary reward ever paid for a work of fiction, cost three Contains, among many interesting features, with Illustrations, years of the hardest kind of work. At first he made ix barrels of notes; then the complete book was re-

Zola and the Dreyfus Drama

By the English friend who has Zola in hiding in London. Tells of Zola's early struggles when he slaved in a garret and went 62 hours without food; how he came into the Dreyfus drama and why; what he expects as a result; what he is doing in England, and why he is there. Illustrated.

Lincoln's Prophetic Warning

By John G. Nicolay, Private Secretary to President Lincoln.

low the great statesman foretold the battle over the Slavery Ouestion. Il-

Col. A. K. McClure's Campaign Experiences

The great Curtin-Lincoln campaign in Pennsylvania. Private conferences with Lincoln about Grant and others.

Social Customs of the Zunis

Described in an illustrated article by Edward Page Gaston, who accompanied Cushing in his expedition. Innow and then galvanized into something like tensely interesting details.

John Merrills' Experiment in Palmistry

An illustrated story by Florence M. Kingsley.

The Gospel of a Glass of Beer

ter on the British stage, and we suspect that the same is true of her Southerners. The book Claims for the "Poor Man's Club" has attracted some attention in England, where such faults would naturally be unnoticed, owventilated from personal investigation. A preacher's amusing mistake.

> THE NEW VOICE At the News Stands Price 5 cents. Out To-day.

> > Also out to-day

The Literary Digest (VOL. XVIII., No. 6.)

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